And in wearing, thou ſhalt haue me better and better,
Thou ſhalt haue a face that is not worth ſun-burning.
But dooſt thou thinke, that thou and I,
Betweene Saint *Denis*,
And Saint *George*, ſhall get a boy,
That ſhall goe to *Conſtantinople*,
And take the great Turke by the beard, ha *Kate*?
Kate. Is it poſſible dat me ſall
Loue de enemie de *France*.
Harry. No *Kate*, tis vnpoſſible
You ſhould loue the enemie of *France*:
For *Kate*, I loue *France* ſo well,
That Ile not leaue a Village,
Ile haue it all mine: then *Kate*,
When *France* is mine,
And I am yours,
Then *France* is yours,
And you are mine.
Kate. I cannot tell what is dat.
Harry. No *Kate*,
Why Ile tell it you in French,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married Husband.
Let me ſee, Saint *Dennis* be my ſpeed.
Quan *France* et mon.
Kate. Dat is, when *France* is yours.
Harry. Et vous ettes amoy.
Kate. And I am to you.
Harry. Douck *France* ettes a vous:
Kate. Den *France* ſall be mine.
Harry. Et Ie ſuyues a vous.
Kate. And you will be to me.
Har. Wilt beleeue me *Kate*? tis eaſier for me
To conquer the kingdome, thē to ſpeak ſo much
More French.

Kate. A your Maieſty has falſe F
To deceiue de beſt Lady in *France*.
Harry. No faith *Kate* not I. But
In plaine termes, do you loue me?
Kate. I cannot tell.
Harry. No, can any of your neigh
Ile aske them.
Come *Kate*, I know you loue me.
And ſoone when you are in your clo
Youle queſtion this Lady of me.
But I pray thee ſweete *Kate*, vſe me
Becauſe I loue thee cruelly.
That I ſhall dye *Kate*, is ſure:
But for thy loue, by the Lord neuer.
What Wench,
A ſtraight backe will growe crooked
A round eye will growe hollowe.
A great leg will waxe ſmall,
A curld pate proue balde:
But a good heart Kate, is the ſun and
And rather the Sun and not the Moo
And therefore *Kate* take me,
Take a ſouldier: take a ſouldier,
Take a King.
Therefore tell me *Kate*, wilt thou hau
Kate. Dat is as pleaſe the King my
Harry. Nay it will pleaſe him:
Nay it ſhall pleaſe him *Kate*.
And vpon that condition *Kate* Ile ki
Ka. O mon du Ie ne voudroy faire q
Pour toute le monde,
Ce ne poynt votree fachion en fouor
Harry. What ſaies ſhe Lady?
Lady. Dat it is not de faſion en *Fr*
For de maides, before da be married

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.22)